

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

An Advocate of Universal Religion and a Co-worker with all Free Churches.

Seventeenth Year.

Chicago, February 21, 1895.

Number 52.

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Editorial

*Country is a shape of each man's mind,
Sacred from definition.
An inward vision, yet an outward birth,
Of sweet familiar heaven and earth;
Bring all your fairest gifts to deck her shrine
Who lifts our lives away from Thine and mine,
When all have done their utmost, surely he
Hath given the best who gives a character
Erect and constant.*

—Lowell.

NO MORE delightful bit of writing has fallen under our notice for a good while than the article on the Harvard Divinity School by our friend John W. Chadwick, in the *New England Magazine* for February. It is instructive and amusing. It is good literature and on that account all the better missionary document. All UNITY readers will want this number for this article. Once having it, they will rejoice in many good things in this increasingly good magazine.

DR. HILLIS at Central Music Hall last Sunday told his people that "as men go up towards the throne of universal sympathy, they go towards the possibilities of suffering and sorrow. If a man will degrade himself to the beast's level, he can cut most of the nerve paths for pain." Let us not then pray for stolidity, but work for that intelligence that will bring suffering, that usefulness that bargains for triumphs, that helpfulness that perchance touches the soul with loneliness and isolates it with its God.

WE invite the attention of those interested in the Liberal Congress to the cheering reports which come to us of the work in Freeport. We are not inclined to agree with our brother Alcott that all the success is due to the spirit of the people; but, given a man with the ability, energy, and breadth of view possessed by Secretary Alcott to lead them, we have no doubt that there will be found in all our larger towns a large number of earnest men and women who are seeking just such an expression of their social religious life as the churches the Congress is endeavoring to encourage will afford.

MR. FISKE in the address elsewhere alluded to last Sunday, noted the fact that "nobody has ever refuted the evidence that once seemed so conclusive in favor of the belief in witchcraft. Some powerful cause has made our minds impervious to that sort of evidence; that cause is the gigantic development of physical science. Minds of civilized

people have become familiar with the conception of intellectual law and that conception has simply stifled the old superstition as clover chokes out weeds." Let the clover sowing go on. There are still weeds of superstition and bigotry which cannot be removed by argument or direct assault. Let them be choked out by the growth of fair science.

JOSEPH STOLZ, Rabbi of Zion Temple on the West Side, proved himself of the prophetic line of Jews last Sunday when he said: "Politics belongs to religion. The minister must speak when men follow wrong principles, act upon improper motives and pursue evil ends. The pulpit that is silent when a great moral issue is up is guilty of treason. There is no right and no reason why the saloon is the only place where the destinies of our city may be shaped and discussed. The harm of the situation lies in the fact that this is no secret. The contentment with the situation is creating the wrong standard of municipal government; jesting about the honesty of politicians is encouraging dishonesty. New York has proven that if honest men unite and work together, dishonest men will have to go out."

IT is unfortunate that the birthdays of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington come so near together. There is unquestioned justification for the tendency to make a holiday of both days. The state of Illinois has already made them legally such. We wish they might be run together into a Washington-Lincoln day and we wish it might be made a moveable feast, that this common day might always come on Sunday so that on this day at least the pulpits of all the denominations and the worshipers in every sect might bring their religion down to date, square their theologies to the present needs and living issues. Thus the American church would profit by one element of strength in the Catholic church, it would have a common saints' day, for men who deserve the aureole more than many who have received such by ecclesiastical vote.

JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS has recently been giving some University Extension Lectures in Chicago on social problems, the pith of which, according to one listener, seems to have been that the mischief lay at the top, the alarming facts were those which are related with the favored and the intelligent. Thomas C. Hall, of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, seemed to be of the same mind when he told his people, "that the Tammany cor-



IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Commencing with the first issue in March, 1895, UNITY will be enlarged by the addition of more pages. At the same time the subscription price will be increased to

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ruptions of New York were sold to those who had the millions to buy this power. The thirteen million blackmail of Tammany Hall did not come out of the pockets of Italians, Poles and Bohemians." Both these men suggest the incisive phrase of George Eliot, "the perishing upper classes." If we could only redeem the boulevards and the avenues, the task of reform in the alley and the back streets would not be so great.

WE HEAR much in these days of the need of the business man in politics. We are just beginning to realize that municipal and other public affairs might and should be run on business principles. Next in order must come the call for the business man in religion. The church must not only be run on business principles, but the gospel can be propagated best by the wise control, direction and support of business men. Religion has always been carried in the sails of secular interests. Commerce has been its agent, manufacture and agriculture have been its hand-maidens. We want the laity to the front. The era of the business man will help the cause of liberal religion immensely. You men of money have responsibilities which you cannot delegate. You have a possible comradeship you would not, if you could, abrogate. Come into your opportunity.

It seems a little hard that in the year of grace 1895 Mr. Chadwick should have to vindicate the right of conscience in politics against a Christian minister. That the machine politician should defend a system of blind partisanship in accordance with which no one may take part in a party's counsels unless he recognizes an obligation to support that party in everything that it may ultimately do, is not surprising; but that a religious and ethical teacher and a man of culture should deny George William Curtis's thesis that "no delegate has lost the privilege of doing right because he has tried to persuade others not to do wrong," is, to say the least, discouraging. We wonder how many still accept the political-convention ethics which Mr. Chadwick's letter to *The Christian Register* well characterizes as the doctrine that, "no man who acknowledges the absolute sovereignty of his own conscience can be a delegate!"

A RECENT number of the *Chicago Daily Tribune* gives nearly two columns to a notice of the Buddhistic activities, chiefly represented by the Maha-Bodhi-Society of Calcutta, of which Mr. Dharmapala is secretary. The article is headed, "There is a new religious movement abroad in the world." The inference seems to be, from the matter published, that an active campaign to sow the seed of Buddhism in Europe and America is already afoot. There is nothing sensational in this matter. The seeds of Buddhism have been diligently sown in the minds of the thoughtful for many years by the best scholars and ripest thinkers of Europe and America; Max Mueller, Samuel Johnson and Rhys Davids have been the

missionaries. Some of the seed sown has fallen on good ground and is already bearing fruit in the shape of a modified Christianity, a more tolerant spirit, a more intelligent recognition of universal religion, the root and inspiration of all special religions.

It has become an established custom that John Fiske preaches one Sunday a year in All Souls Church, Chicago. Always on his western tour he stands in the pulpit of this church, where all the year round he ministers to a large parish through his books and clear thinking on high subjects. Last Sunday he was presented as "Rector Magnificus, the non-resident pastor" to an audience that filled every corner and overflowed into the streets. Many had to go away. He spoke of the Witchcraft of Salem Village, told the story in his wonderful way, and concluded with the reflection that "in Europe, only a few years earlier, the hanging of nineteen persons for witchcraft in a single village and in the course of a single summer would have called forth no special comment. The case of Salem village may help us to form some dim conception of the stupendous wickedness that must have been wrought by the terrible delusion in the days of its stalwart prime when victims by the hundred were burned at the stake. We can but faintly imagine what must have been the destruction of confidence, the breaking of the dearest ties, the madness, the reign of savage terror; and we cannot be too grateful that the gaunt specter which stalked so long over the fairest parts of earth has at length been exorcised forever."

Illiberal Liberalism.

It will be a surprise to many of our readers who have confidently counted upon the Universalist denomination as one of the liberal forces at work in the religious world, to learn that the Universalist Committee on Fellowship for the State of Illinois has suspended Rev. A. N. Alcott from its fellowship for one year, because, while on leave of absence from the Universalist church of Elgin, he has taken up the missionary work for the State of Illinois represented by the American Congress. The official resolutions and attendant matter will appear in another column of the paper. It will be seen, of course, that the committee have found the usual resource of committees on such work, of dropping on a technicality and, with great appearance of innocence, disclaiming that it has considered any other questions. Here, as always, narrowness is justified of the letter. Universalists, like others, can vindicate their bigotry any time by an appeal to the text, but the public will not fail to note the fact that this committee has seized upon a technicality to make a ruling in the interests of pitiable narrowness. Mr. Alcott, we understand, purposes to appeal the decision, and we doubt not that on the appeal the committee will discover that then their technical point was not well taken. They hasten not only to interpret the Universalist code narrowly, but they

presume without warrant and without hearing, in the direct face of both the published purpose and declared spirit of all those who represent the Congress, to interpret the Congress as "a denomination not affiliated with Universalists," notwithstanding the fact that at that very time five Universalist ministers, in good standing, regularly settled, are on its board of directors, not counting Mr. Alcott. Will the committees on Universalist Fellowship in different parts of the country now proceed against Rev. Messrs. Bisbee, White, Crowe and Shutter and Rev. Miss Kollock, because all of them are giving time, love and devotion to the Congress? More than this, the committee will find that they have suspended from the Universalist fellowship a man who is at the present time the regular pastor of a Universalist church. Will they now proceed against the parish and disfellowship it? The whole thing would be very laughable were it not so sad. The only thing a right-minded man can say is that if the Universalist denomination has constructed itself on such narrow lines, then so much the worse for the Universalist denomination. Surely Professors Briggs and Smith have received far more consideration at the hands of the Presbyterians than Mr. Alcott has at the hands of the Universalists. As Rev. Mr. White, pastor of the Universalist church of Englewood, said last Sunday in his pulpit: "Universalists have shown less liberality in the case of Mr. Alcott than the Presbyterians have in the case of Dr. Hillis," the latter having allowed Dr. Hillis to retain his fellowship in the Presbyterian church while he goes to administer to a society so far removed from Presbyterianism as the Central Church over which Professor Swing presided. Mr. White further said: "In this action the Universalists have discounted our Evangelical brethren for illiberality." We are now curious to see how many of the Universalist ministers will care to accept such a decision without protest or care to stay in a denomination that has no fellowship for a man like Mr. Alcott, who is doing the work he is now doing. We can scarcely understand the make-up of a minister whose intellect has been opened to the hospitalities, who will complacently stand by and see a companion read out in that way. We shall be surprised if we do not hear of some of these ministers standing up and saying, "If there is any shooting of this kind to be done, shoot this way for we too belong in that category."

But this action of the Universalist Fellowship Committee is symptomatic of the denominational spirit. How hard it is to love the thing when it is disassociated from our favorite label. We hope the action of this committee will prove a warning to others who are so loath to believe that there is room for or need of any good, or free work outside of their own denominational confines. Had Mr. Alcott proceeded to do these very things he is doing and called it "Universalism," probably these brethren would have rejoiced in it; but because he can do in the open field,

where he meets Jew and Gentile, conservative and radical on the common ground of character, love and co-operation, what he could not do under a denominational banner which carries with it theological and controversial implications more or less foreign to the work in hand. he must be read out. Blessed be the man who is expelled for this open cause. Woe unto them that are found tithing Anise and Cummin, while neglecting the weightier matters of the law,—Knowledge, Justice, Love and Reverence.

Municipal Reform.

THE Civic Federation of Chicago, an altogether honorable body of men and women that for the last year has been engaged with commendable industry in ameliorating some of the curses and reforming some of the abuses of our city administration, are trying to clear the political atmosphere preparatory for the spring election. Last week they asked the co-operation of the ministers of Chicago, and on Sunday a half hundred or more ministers responded by lending their voice to the cause, and the city papers on Monday morning gave generous extension to this voice by extensively publishing their word. With this effort to arouse public conscience to the importance of honest election and of honest men for election we have great sympathy, but we frankly confess that we see but little light in the future as long as the reformers wait upon the action of party leaders, while the contestants in the political arena are those largely nominated by party manipulation and party advancement. We do not believe that the integrity of our city government is inseparably related to the success of either Republican or Democratic party. We believe that the contrary is quite true,—that a good municipal administration is impossible so long as that administration keeps party lines in mind, has party issues to guard and party triumphs in the future to secure. The Civic Federation of Chicago has urged upon the voters the duty of attending the "primaries," but the primaries themselves have been primed, and that primary has already had a previous primary, and the "boys" have mapped their program, outlined their scheme, set their stakes away back of that; so that we find, in the words of the hymn,—

"That beneath the deep infernal,
There's a depth that's deeper still."

We do not believe that any great improvement in city politics is possible until the good men in this city, the patriots, shall throw aside the dictation of all parties and refuse to risk the issue of any city election upon the candidacy secured by party manipulators, and shall stand up in their might, asserting their integrity by putting municipal tickets in the field for municipal ends,—a ticket selected by municipal sense, sustained by municipal conscience and supported for municipal interests. When this is done, without regard to national party interests and in defiance to party intimidations, it will be found that there are excellent men enough in the city to secure excellent things

at the poles. In this way only can the greed of office and loyalty to a machine be defeated. We believe that the majority of the voters in Chicago and in all great cities, are sick of existing conditions and thirst for better things, but they are not liberated from the fetters of partisanship. Things may grow worse before they grow better. There may be more humiliation still in store for us, from waiting upon party leaders for help in this matter. The half-hearted measure of picking the best man in different parties cannot effect much. There will never be men enough, men with single purposes and clean intentions on all the city tickets as now managed, to make one decent ticket. Few realize how rotten our municipal affairs are, how far public trusts are swayed to private interests, and in speaking for Chicago we think we can speak for most large cities. Political partisanship taints every trust from the head of our school board, down through assessor, collector, constable, to policeman. The only remedy is to give offices to men who do not want offices, but who, in the spirit of George Washington, whose birthday is being celebrated this week, are willing to serve for country's sake. We resent the smile this sentence will provoke. We believe that there are such men living today, that they can be found, and that we must find them if the United States is not to become a lost nation and its splendid power to go down in infamy, buried under the rotten pelf of office, the unholy patronage of those who have sought position for selfish ends, whose loyalty to party and to sect is ever ripened into a disloyalty to the nation.

We need indeed a new crusade of political righteousness, but it must be a campaign not numbered by days but by years, it must be a religious one in the interests of that kingdom of God that is to be ushered in by religious voting rather than by much praying. It must recognize that the city of Chicago or whatever city may be the home of the voter, has greater claims upon the spirit than any celestial city in the skies. We will not believe that the stars are to fall from our flag, that its blue is to be deepened into black, its red blanching by shame and its white tarnished by the gathering dust of oblivion, because we do not believe that George Washington's line is ended and that the story of Abraham Lincoln is to be forgotten. We shall not despair but will try again to catch the step and once more to march to the rhythmic anthem of progress, singing as we go,

"Rally round the flag, boys!
Rally once again!
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!"

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Contributed and Selected

"As Thyself."

WALLACE RICE.

Seest thou a fault in one, thy brother?
Remember! Earth's your common mother.
Thou hast this fault—and yet another.
Hear'st thou some words against a woman?
Stand out! How else canst thou be true man?
Christ heard such words—and Christ was human.
Know'st thou some life sans good and beauty?
Hold not aloof! 'Twill not pollute thee.
God's in that life—this is *His* duty.

Legends of Solomon from the Talmud.

A PRINCE OF DEMONS IN CAPTIVITY.

Solomon not only understood the speech of beast and bird, but he was also master of demons, who obeyed his will. When he was about to erect the temple, he was in despair at hearing Jahve's command that no iron should be used in its construction. How could a suitable edifice be raised without the use of iron? How, without iron, could he crush huge masses of marble, how split adamant rock, how cleave great logs of wood? Was he, the sovereign of Israel, to abandon the dearest project of his heart? He summoned his counsellors and laid his perplexities before them. They, too, shared his chagrin and realized their helplessness.

"Can none of you aid me?" the king exclaimed.

"O, wise king!" at length replied one of the sages, "there is something mightier than iron. In the early days of Creation the Almighty called into life a tiny worm, 'Shamir,' which possesses the power of splitting the hardest rock."

"And where is this worm to be found?" Solomon impatiently asked.

"Ah, king, there is the difficulty!" exclaimed the sage. "No mortal has yet discovered its hiding-place."

"That shall not baffle me," the haughty king replied. "I am more than mortal."

He dismissed his counsellors, and rising from his throne, gazed upon his dazzling signet ring, upon which was graven the ineffable name of Jahve. The rushing of a mighty wind and the rumbling of an earthquake were heard, and with a great crash of thunder two genii bowed before Solomon.

"What is thy will, O master?" they humbly asked.

"Tell me where I can find the Shamir."

The genii trembled.

"Ask us not, O master. Our king alone, Ashmodai, knows its secret abode."

"And where does Ashmodai dwell?" demanded the king.

"Far from here," they replied. "Our king dwells upon the crest of a lofty mountain. He has dug there a deep pit, which he has filled with water and covered with a huge stone, securely sealed to the ground. Daily he ascends to heaven and returns again to earth. Then he closely examines the seal to learn whether anyone has touched it and uncovered the well. He then opens it himself, quenches his thirst, covers it again and re-affixes the seal."

"Ye can go!" Solomon cried, and the genii vanished.

Solomon next summoned his trusty captain Benaiah, and gave him a chain and a seal upon which was stamped the ineffable name of Jahve. He also gave him some wool, and various skins filled with wine, and despatched him to the mountain, with minute instructions, to fetch Ashmodai, the Prince of Demons.

After many days of weary travel Benaiah

at length reached the mountain where Ashmodai had his well, and he at once went to work. He dug a pit a little to the right of Ashmodai's, drained off the water, and plugged the opening with wool. Then he dug another pit, higher up, whose channel led to Ashmodai's emptied pit, and therein he poured the wine.

His work completed, Benaiah looked around with satisfaction, and hid himself behind a tree, to await Ashmodai's arrival.

With the dawn of day, Ashmodai flew down from heaven, examined the seal, and finding it intact, raised the stone and descended into the well. A delicious fragrance assailed his senses. It was wine, joy-dispensing wine! Should he taste it, or spurn the temptation?

"Wine is a mocker!" he exclaimed, and was about to fly from the spot. "But wine rejoiceth the heart!" was his next thought, and he could not flee. Burning thirst overpowered him. He quaffed great draughts of the intoxicating drink. His brain became confused. He staggered and fell.

Benaiah fastened the chain about Ashmodai's neck.

Ashmodai at length awoke. Perceiving the chain, his anguish became so great that he uttered wild lamentations, which made the mountain tremble. In vain he strove to free himself.

"Be patient, O mighty spirit!" Benaiah exclaimed. "Thy struggles are futile. The ineffable name of Jahve is upon thee. Be still!"

Ashmodai heaved a sigh so profound that all creation heard and trembled, and the genii of the sea flew into their innermost caverns, where they bewailed the fate of their master.

"I am calm now," said Ashmodai at last. "I shall obey thy will."

Benaiah bade him follow him, but wherever Ashmodai went, destruction seemed to be his companion. Uprooted trees and overturned houses marked his path, as if he wished to wreak vengeance on all nature. He passed a wedding party, and he wept at the sight of their joy.

"In three days," said he, "the bridegroom will die."

A man ordered a pair of shoes and bade the shoemaker make them so that they would last seven years. Upon hearing this Ashmodai burst into wild laughter.

"In seven days the man may be dead," he cried, "and he orders his shoes for seven years."

At length they arrived in Jerusalem, and Ashmodai was brought before Solomon.

"I am about to build the Holy Temple, and need the Shamir. All I ask of thee is: Tell me where it is concealed."

Thus did the Hebrew monarch address the prince of the genii of darkness.

"I have it not in my keeping," Ashmodai replied. "It is entrusted to the Prince of the Sea, and by him confided to a fowl, who is bound by a most solemn oath to retain it unharmed for all time. High on a solitary mountain top the fowl has made its nest. He never forsakes the spot. Seek for him, O king."

Again the faithful and valiant Benaiah was obliged to set out on a most toilsome journey. Over hill and sea he wandered, across trackless forests and pathless meadows; and at last, upon the summit of a mountain so near the sky that the iridescence of the stars seemed reflected on its rocky sides, he discovered the fowl's nest. With a cry of joy he started forward, and placed a glass over the nest so that the fowl could see but could not touch its brood. He then concealed himself behind a rock.

He had not long to wait. Soon the fowl came to the spot, and finding the hard glass between her and her nest, was about to apply the Shamir to split it, when Benaiah uttered a startling cry. In alarm, the fowl dropped the Shamir, which was caught up in triumph by Benaiah, and in course of time given by him to Solomon.

ASHMODAI'S REVENGE.

The temple was completed, splendid palaces were erected, magnificent cities were established, and Ashmodai was still held in bondage. Solomon reveled in his strength and glory. He gathered many treasures; the world was ransacked to add to his pleasures, yet he was not satisfied. His ambition, his pride, his love of grandeur and his extravagance were unquenchable.

Ashmodai observed Solomon's restless mood, and resolved to turn it to account.

"Oh mighty king!" said he. "Thou art now, thanks to my help, the most illustrious of mortals; but, chained as I am, my powers are limited. Set me free, entrust to me but for a moment thy signet ring, and I will make thee still mightier."

Hearing this, and inflated with ambition, Solomon handed him the precious ring and struck off the chain that bound him; but no sooner had he done this than the air grew black without the palace hall, and a loud hissing made Solomon turn pale. Ashmodai rose to an immense height; his feet touched the earth, but his head reached the sky. He hurled the ring into the sea, and he cast Solomon a thousand miles away. Then, with the utmost unconcern, he donned Solomon's robes and assumed the royal privileges.

Solomon now wandered as a beggar, unknown and uncared for, in foreign lands.

Meeting a shepherd one day, he haughtily demanded water from the shepherd's jar.

"And who art thou, that I should comply with thy imperious demand?" protested the shepherd.

"I am Solomon, the king of Israel," replied the royal outcast.

"I know him not," jeered the shepherd. "Begone!"

And poor Solomon wandered on and on, in poverty and pain.

"Good people—kind people!"—this was now his constant cry—"do not pass me by. I am Solomon, king of Israel."

"Thou art the king of beggars," was the jeering reply, and he turned and fled from the imprecations that followed him like a plague.

At length he came to Jerusalem. He flung himself down and kissed the sod beneath his feet.

"I am Solomon, king of Israel," he exclaimed to the people hurrying by. A chorus of jeers was the rejoinder. Spurned by the populace, thrust from his palace gates, despised and rejected, Solomon turned in despair from Jerusalem, and one evening, as its towers were bathed in the moonlight, he began his wanderings anew.

Toward the royal city of Ammon, he now betook himself, and knocked at the palace gate as humbly as the lowest slave in the realm.

"Take pity on me," he pleaded, as the gate opened. "I am starving and footsore from travel. I am willing to render any service for a little shelter."

"It so chances that I do need help. Enter, and thou canst abide with us," responded the royal cook.

Before many days the cook made Solomon his assistant, and the dishes prepared by the royal outcast so pleased the king that he caused Solomon to be appointed his chief steward. But it soon came to pass that

Naama, the lovely daughter of the king, conceived a passion for Solomon, and Solomon reciprocated her affection. The day came when the secret of their love could no longer be concealed, and Solomon and Naama were condemned to death. Through the intercession of Naama's mother, the king was induced to commute their sentence to life-long exile in the desert, and Solomon and Naama were both taken to the great barren waste and left there to perish.

Hopeless and friendless, the pair wandered on until they came to the seashore. There Solomon found some fishers, and he labored for them. Every day they gave him two fish in payment for his services.

Thus time passed away, until one day Naama, Solomon's wife, on cleaning one of the fishes, found in it a ring, which she dutifully brought to her husband. Solomon at once recognized his lost signet ring, and, filled with joy, he started for Jerusalem.

Arrived at Jerusalem, he boldly confronted Ashmodai, who at the sight of the signet ring on Solomon's finger, uttered a terrible cry, and vanished.—*Dr. G. H. Danziger, in the Reform Advocate.*

Church-Door Pulpit

Stoicism.

I. EPICTETUS AND SENECA.

ADDRESS BY W. L. SHELDON, LECTURER OF THE ETHICAL SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS.

I am to speak of something which has been a religious faith. We are not to think of it merely as a philosophy or system of ethics. Truth all by itself does not seem to have the power of sustaining us in trouble—of making us strong under difficulty. It always depends on the way the truth is given to us. What we have to describe was something more than a system of thought or abstract truth, it was able to give strength. It inspired the heart to endure every form of trial. It sweetened the cup of pain and sorrow. Men became firm, brave and heroic under its influence. Because of this faith in their hearts they were able to meet death as though it were a beautiful slumber. It had the quality of stirring men to self-sacrifice. It helped them to be calm and serene in misfortune. It gave to history some of the grandest illustrations of human character that have ever lived. Even at this day we seem to get help out of that same religious faith.

Yes; what I have to speak about was something more than a system of philosophy; something more than a code of morals. It had in itself the qualities that we attribute supremely to religion. It was the grandest product of the pagan world, the noblest gift from Europe in antiquity.

It was along between three hundred and four hundred years before Christ, that one of the great thinkers in this other new sphere was born on the island of Cypress in the Mediterranean. We know of him only by tradition. None of his writings have ever come down to us. But he was the father of the greatest religious or ethical teaching which appeared in the pagan world. He drifted to the center of all culture, the beautiful city of Athens. For a while he was a learner, a listener to the teachings of others; then later on he began to think for himself, about what makes life worth living.

At last, he, too, became a teacher. Young men went to him eagerly. He retired to a beautiful colonnade. There he would walk up and down and talk, while others listened or asked him questions. The people of the

city became fond of him. Kings sought his company. They begged him to come to their courts and impart to them of his wisdom. But year after year he stayed there, walking up and down in that colonnade, teaching there in the old city of Athens. And this was the man who first used that word which I value more than any other in all human speech. It was within that colonnade that men first began to speak of the "Sense of Duty." Old age came upon the man, but he went on teaching. Ninety-eight years had gone by in his life before he went to his rest.

It is a strange circumstance that we do not associate the teachings of stoicism with their founder. Few of us ever think of the name of Zeno. When we read of the Stoics, our attention always turns rather to the great thinkers of another city and to a later epoch in human history.

Yet this circumstance has not been altogether an accident. When we look a little deeper it all becomes perfectly plain. We connect philosophy more especially with the name of the man who originated it. But I think to the end of time we shall associate a system of ethics or a religion rather with the men who use it. The Greeks for the most part were not Stoics. It was at another center and with another race that the value of that religious teaching began to be appreciated. We are justified in associating Stoicism with the people of Rome; because, while they did not originate the teaching, they made a supreme issue of it in their lives. And for that reason they were themselves its best interpreters. We do well to connect it therefore not so much with Zeno of Athens, as with Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, whose names are identified with the Roman Empire.

And so we pass over the centuries and come to the epoch that offers the most complete parallel to our nineteenth century. It was still the age of Greece, but at the time of collapse, when the authority of the past was at the point of extinction. We speak of it as the age of the Cæsars in the Roman Empire. Philosophy had been a theory in Greece. It became a system of ethics, a living force, a religion, among a few persons in the city of Rome.

But what a change had come over human history! We think of Julius Cæsar, the greatest man of that whole Roman people in all its history. He is standing in the Senate the august body which held sway over the civilized world. He is speaking to the "Conscript Fathers." It was the question, "Should they pass sentence of death upon the conspirators against their Eternal City." And Cæsar says to them:

It becomes all men who pause to think on dubious matters, to be influenced neither by hatred, affection, anger nor pity. The mind, when such feelings obstruct its view, cannot easily see what is right; nor is any human being consulting at the same moment his passions and his interests. When the mind is freely exerted, its reason is sound; but passion, if it can gain possession of it, becomes its tyrant, and reason is powerless. Now I feel assured that the suggestion which has been offered comes through zeal for the state and not through any view as to favor or personal enmity. Yet the proposal appears to me contrary to our policy. As to the punishment you propose, we may say what is indeed the truth, that in trouble and distress death is a relief from suffering and not a torment or a pain; that it puts an end to all human woe; and that beyond it there is no place either for sorrow or joy.

As we close these lines we see at last the full effect that has come about through the birth of philosophy. It was an extraordinary change! Julius Cæsar was able to find a substitute for the loss of the old religious faith, in the life of a conqueror, in the search

after power, in the pleasure of controlling men. But that could not be a substitute for every person. To the man who did not care for the arena of war, who had no craving after power and authority, there was a void. It looked as though the motive which had inspired men to loftiness of character, had passed away and would never come back to earth.

I turn to another of the greatest writers of the age,—a man who was able to draw together all the ablest thought of the time, to express in the form of verse the deepest insight of the day, as to nature, the human soul, the universe and God. And I look to see what he thinks of as the greatest joy of existence. I hear him speak not in tones of despair but of enthusiasm, of the glory of being wise, of the privilege of being under the sway of "Sovereign Reason."

It is sweet, when the winds disturb the waters, to look from the land upon the great distress of another, who is out upon the ocean;—not because it is a pleasure that anyone should be made to suffer, but because it is agreeable to see how free and safe we are from those dangers. It is also sweet to contemplate the contending forces of war without any share of our own in the danger. But nothing is sweeter than to occupy the secure and serene heights raised by the learning of the wise, from whence we may look down upon others and see them straying about, wandering here and there and everywhere, trying to find satisfaction, contending with one another, vying with each other, and striving by labor to get ahead of one another and secure power. O wretched minds of men! O blind souls! What darkness, what danger there is in their existence! Why can they not see that man needs nothing but what he has within himself; and that he should demand nothing more than to be relieved from the pain of the body, to be exempt from care and fear, and to exercise his mind with the pleasures of philosophy?

These two oft-quoted selections have impressed me more than anything else that I have found in the literature of the Roman Empire. There is nothing inspiring or grand about them; but there is something so profoundly suggestive. They let in such a flood of light about the way men thought and felt in those days. We see the conditions before our eyes. Because of those conditions, in consequence of that very attitude of mind, we account for the appearance of the Stoics, as well as for the influence of the disciples of the Man of Galilee. If those two attitudes of mind were the best which could survive? from the decay of the old teaching, it was quite certain that the human soul itself would either create or import something better.

Stoicism as a philosophy had had its start in Greece, at Athens, two or three centuries before. But its real origin as a vital influence, or religious force, as a power to change the hearts of men, was at this time—at the dawn of the great Roman Empire.

"What is Stoicism?" We might almost say that the question answers itself. No ethical or religious teaching has perhaps been more clear to the average mind. We may not appreciate its full significance. But the popular impression as to the meaning of the word is for the most part quite true and accurate. Most of us have tried it at times. Young persons are often attracted to it for the same reason that they admire strong physique. Almost every one who in early life has read something of the thoughts of its great leaders, is more or less inclined to think that he would like "to be a Stoic." He almost assumes that he could obey its teaching without an effort. It strikes him at first that he has only to accept the thought and at once to obey it. But alas! when the call for the use of the teaching comes, most of us collapse. We dis-

cover that we cannot be Stoics just by studying the teachings. When the trial comes we give way like other mortals. It comes home to us that to be a Stoic means something more than just to have the same thoughts or grand ideas or lofty aspirations, which were held by the old teachers or philosophers of Stoicism. We may know what it means to be a Stoic; but few of us comprehend all it implies to acquire that kind of character. It is so easy and natural to be moved by great pictures and noble thoughts, that for an instant we almost fancy that we could readily live up to what they demand of us. But the Stoic knew perfectly well that to act up to his philosophy implied something more than being moved in the heart by the splendor of those teachings. Who has not thought in his own mind how, when trial came, he would fall back on "Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy"? Alas! when the moment arrives, philosophy often proves of no avail.

Stoicism meant only one thing. It expressed the thought over and over again, with unceasing and almost wearisome monotony. It has only one doctrine. There is practically just one principle in its whole philosophy. It sounds that doctrine in a persistent monotone, as though, if it kept on saying it long enough, somehow it might implant that quality of character in every heart. You may open any page of their writings; you will always come upon it. You can scarcely read a paragraph without meeting with it. The lesson is given with steady, unfailing and almost exasperating persistence.

It is expressed in the one word "endure." Its one lesson is *endurance*. If the Stoic could acquire that quality, or power, he was satisfied. The more he realized it in himself, the more complete he felt himself to be. The one joy and delight of his life was to have given evidence that he possessed it.

But it was always just the same thing. If you have laid plans that are dear to you and they fail,—endure it. If you have a hope in your heart for some good on the morrow, and it is not realized,—endure it. If your aims in business or professional life do not thrive,—endure it. If, just as you are at the point of success, another steps in and snatches away the fruits of your effort,—endure it. If the friend who loves you, is led to doubt you, disbelieve you, and you lose his friendship,—endure it. If someone near and dear to you is taken away from earth,—endure it. If pain and sickness come and you are suffering in every nerve and muscle of the body,—endure it. If you lose your money, your occupation, your reputation, your friends,—endure it. Whatever goes against you, whatever interferes with you, whatever brings you pain or trouble or misfortune, whatever calamity arrives,—it should all make no difference, it is to help you to learn the lesson of endurance. There is a certain grandeur in that monotonous demand. We cannot help being more or less moved, or stirred, with the persistent exaction of that teaching, saying to us: "Be strong! Be strong! Be strong!" We do at times almost feel the muscles becoming firmer, we are conscious, as it were, of the soul itself assuming new energy, simply by the iteration and re-iteration of the words: "Endure and be strong!" The Stoics always keep saying to every evil, to every unpleasant experience: "It should make no difference. Why should you care?" That is always their refrain: *It should make no difference.*

We ask ourselves: "How are we to show that we can endure? What shall we do when the calamity comes and misfortune

is at hand; when the pain is upon us; when the sorrow threatens to overwhelm us?" The answer of the Stoic is just what we say to the child when it is hurt in the game, and we tell him: "Don't cry; go on and play." That is just the demand of the Stoic. "Don't cry, but go ahead." Only what we say to the child in reference to the hurt of the body, the Stoic says to the grown man with reference to a hurt in the mind or the heart or the spirit: "Don't wince. Go on as before." Nothing which can happen outside of you is to shake one's firm, serene determination. We are to show inside of ourselves—beyond where the human eye ever looks—the same composure in the soul that we do gradually acquire in the countenance or in the face. Many a man gets so far as to keep the muscles of his face calm, when he writhes in agony of mind. But that is not Stoicism. No; it demands just that same peculiar calm within one's self, that you preserve on the face. You are to become so strong that if a naked sword is thrust up to your very eye, you will not wink. Whoever does that, and can also apply it to what takes place *in his own mind*, has become a Stoic.

We can see that this is not the sweet submissiveness that we ordinarily associate with endurance. It is not something passive; not sitting still and holding one's self firm. There is something almost savage in its masculine quality. It is aggressive rather than submissive. Stoicism does not mean accepting whatever evil threatens you. It is not exactly a gospel of non-resistance. It does not ask of you necessarily to bow the head when someone would strike. No; that was not the character of the old Roman; he never could have acquired that quality. He was stern and severe; not sweet and gentle.

What he was thinking of, rather, was the idea of submitting to the *inevitable*. The problem for him was, how to keep firm and steady when something should come that he could not avoid. Most persons at such times collapse if the blow is severe. The Stoic would have been aggressive enough where that would have been of any avail. Strength, to him, meant not sweet and gentle submissiveness, not passive endurance to *whatever* might happen; but the power of holding the nerves of the soul steady and strong, so as not to lose self-control in the face of the inevitable. His great ambition therefore was to become not weaker, more gentle, but rather stronger and firmer, and perhaps even more aggressive, through trial, difficulty or calamity. If something hurts, the value of it is to strengthen us, so that we can stand something which by and by would hurt still more. That was the aim of the Stoic. It was strength to endure the inevitable that he cared for.

It has sometimes been said that the aim of the Stoic was rather the suppression of the passions. I do not see it in that light. What he wanted was to acquire the *strong will*. It was by his struggle with the passions of his nature, bringing them under control, rather than crushing them out,—that he could get that will-power, the possession of which was his delight.

It is another question, what pleasure a man could take in being a Stoic. What was the joy of life to him? All existence meant only endurance. Why not end it all and go out of existence? But no; the Stoic in his way had as intense delight in existence as the Epicurean. He had the philosophy of despair, and yet he had a way of getting a supreme joy out of that despair. In spite of the somber gloom that pervades those teachings, there is something about them that is exhilarating. The more I have studied their

teachings, the more it has come home to me that those men did take a profound pleasure in life, although it was not quite of the ordinary kind. The Stoic had given his answer as to the purpose of life. There was nothing dubious to him on that issue. Life had its purpose in acquiring the power in endurance.

But what was it all for? Why did he care to do it? What made the effort worth the while? What motive did he have which urged him on in this purpose? He is explicit in telling us what is the aim of life. But now we ask him, what gives him the *motive* to urge him on in the pursuit of the aim? What is it that makes life, in the fullest sense, worth living? Why strive after this power of endurance? What reason have we to care for strength?

He had his reply. There was nothing uncertain in his mind on this issue any more than there was on the other. He gave an answer that has been inspiring through all time. It was a grand conception. It stands out in letters of fire across the skies as a lasting testimony to the worth of their teaching. Whatever else there may have been mistaken in their ideas and doctrines, in their answer to this one issue they were sublimely correct. We cannot for a moment hesitate in accepting their teaching on this point. We may not agree with them that the purpose of life is, supremely, just to become strong in the will-power, or to acquire endurance. But when we ask ourselves about the ultimate motive to such high action, we can be unanimous in our approval of their answer. "It is worth the while to do this," they would have said, "because it is worthy of one's self *as a man*."

That was a terse reply; but it has tremendous significance. It was a profound discovery of that age, to grasp the idea of positive human worth,—that is, of the privilege of being a man. They were the individuals who conceived in the sharpest terms the value of the contrast between ourselves and the whole of the inanimate world. When the Stoic said: "I am a man, and I choose this as my life purpose because I have received the privilege of being a man," he gave his complete answer. Nowadays the reply does not seem to convey much to us, because we have become so used to it; but it meant a great deal at that stage of human evolution. It was not a recognized truth at that time, that there was such a sharp contrast between the human race and all other existence. Men believed in the *elect* few. They did claim that there was a certain number of individuals who had something in themselves which classed them with the gods. But man as man, contrasted with the rest of the world—no, the majority of human society had not caught hold of that truth. But the Stoic grasped it. He was perhaps the first cosmopolitan in the world's history. It was not that he urged the sense of universal love. That principle came from another source. It was not that he taught the ideas involved in universal brotherhood. But it was rather in the fact that he asserted that there was something in the very nature of man himself, which could make him divine, which separated him from all other forms of existence. Just because we have in ourselves something different from all other life—for the very reason that there is something superior in ourselves—on that account we have reason and motive enough to live and work, to act up to the exclusive privilege given us of belonging to the human race. That was what made life worth living to the Stoic.

It was a glorious gospel, that conception of human worth; the privilege of being a

man. What a joy there would be in cultivating that superiority! How could any individual under those circumstances say that there was no motive for existence?

But what was it that made the peculiarity of human worth? Wherein was it that he saw the contrast between man and all other forms of existence? Here, too, he gave a concise answer. Every other creature, every other organism is dependent all the time on what occurs on the outside; all other forms are creatures of extrinsic conditions. They have no center, or self no power of defying those external circumstances. But man alone possesses this unusual quality. By his power of will and reason, he is able to control conditions, to change circumstances, to adjust himself to what is on the outside, and so actually to acquire a strength himself that could almost defy circumstances. "Be strong in yourself, because you alone of all living or inanimate things possess that power *through insight and will* of acquiring the strength." That was the supreme teaching of the Stoic. It was, as I grasp it, what he meant by the term which he used again and again with almost wearisome monotony, when he said that we were to live "according to nature."

He never quite defined in explicit language what he intended to say with those words; but as you read the teachings, go over them again and again, it gradually comes home, all plain and distinct to your consciousness. *According to nature* implies—according to what we have in our nature that is superior to all other nature everywhere. He wanted to be strong, to acquire the power of endurance; because the possibility of doing that was the peculiar privilege of man. It was the one thing which marked him off from all the rest of existence. He could only keep saying: "I want to be strong in myself, because then I am most completely and truly a man."

There is something striking in the thought of the Stoic, that life was a gift or a trust. Lucretius did not understand it; Julius Cæsar had never thought of it. They more or less despised life itself, or the majority of persons who received it. Human worth all by itself meant nothing to them. But this other philosophy tells us over and over again that we hold this existence of ours, as it were *on trust*. We should live according to what is superior in ourself because it would be mean toward the universe to do otherwise. He would have said to the Infinite Power: "Thou hast given me life and I thank Thee for what thou Hast given. Judge me by the way I have executed the trust." This, I take it, was the substance of Stoicism.

But who taught this philosophy? Who believed it? Who derived it from their own personal experience? Who tried to live up to it? Who set it forth and proclaimed its value, even by their own failure to act up to their own gospel? I cannot undertake to describe them all. As was said at the beginning, my preference is to associate those teachings not so much with the men who originated them, as with the individuals who made those teachings *their own*, because of their own needs and by making use of them in their lives.

It was in the very century when the Carpenter of Nazareth was teaching by the sea of Galilee, and his apostles, later on, went traveling over the world proclaiming universal love and universal brotherhood, that this special teaching of the Stoic philosophy was becoming a power in the city of Rome. Two men in that century and in that city have especially made it celebrated. Their thoughts have come down to us and given

help, support and inspiration to millions of people.

One of them belonged to the most despised class of human society. He had been a slave. He had done the most menial work in the household; been the common, ordinary householder; a man who for a part of his life was not even the owner of his own person, or able to control his own acts; a thing sold like earth or wood or so much property. He was a man more or less stunted in physique; a cripple, with scarcely any of the charms that make people agreeable, and sharing none of those luxuries that are supposed to give value to life. But his teaching and his life have become immortal. We know very little about him; only a few anecdotes have come down to us. But we are told that this same person who had been a slave was loved and adored by the common people. His very hand-lamp was sold after his death to an antiquarian for an enormous sum of money,—three thousand drachmas in gold. We know that he came to be a teacher in Rome, and that the common people heard him gladly.

I recall one anecdote which illustrates so wonderfully the imperturbable serenity of his nature and which was the supreme point of all his philosophy. We are told that when he was a slave and his master was beating him with a stick and finally broke his leg, the slave looked up and said calmly and quietly: "Well, you see, I told you that you would break it." But the value of that kind of an anecdote is lost in part, because we cannot hear the tone of voice with which it was said. But tradition tells us that they were the tones of the true Stoic.

Here was a man who sought to proclaim what was possible to become independent of external conditions; that life did not depend on outside circumstances; that there might be as much joy, in being a slave as in being a prince—or more. And he was the living example of his own teachings. I know of nothing more touching or stirring than his own words, when he says:

And how is it possible that a man who has nothing, who is naked, houseless, without a hearth, without a city, can pass a life that flows easily? Behold a man has been sent to you to show you that this is a possibility. Look at me who am without a city, without a house, without possessions, without anyone to serve me. I sleep on the ground, I have no family, no home, but only the earth and heavens and one poor cloak. And what do I want? Am I not without sorrow? Am I not without fear? Am I not free? When did any of you ever see me fail in securing my desires? Did I ever accuse any man? Did any of you ever see me with sorrowful countenance? Did I ever blame man or God?

Throughout all time that example will exist and survive. Future generations can look back to it. One man has proven that it is possible to have the joy of life without any of those things which we call "the goods" of existence. There is something beautiful as well as noble in the life and teachings of that slave Epictetus.

Sometimes I think it well to single out thoughts or sentences from a great teacher. And so I would like to make up out of his utterances what we might call a "chaplet of twelve pearls." They will illustrate the account we have just given of Stoicism. These pearls came from the ocean of human experience. They were found by a man who lived at the bottom, where we would expect darkness and colorless superstition. But here are jewels as beautiful as though they had been shaped in the most glorious sunlight under the blue vault of the open heavens:

When a man asks you how to give the most pain to an

enemy, tell him it can be done by preparing one's self to live the best life we know how to live.

It is not poverty which produces trouble, but desire; nor does wealth release from fear, but only reason. If then, you acquire this power of reasoning, you will neither desire wealth nor complain of poverty.

What we ought not to do we should not even think of doing.

No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind; but only he who is a lover of virtue.

Men are not disturbed about things, but by their views about things.

Freedom and slavery are so many names of virtue and vice; but both these are matters of the human will.

Never say on the occasion of anything, I have lost it; but always say, I have returned it or restored it.

For this is duty, to act well the part that is given to you; but to select the part, that belongs to another.

Seek not that the things which happen should happen as you wish, but wish that the things which happen should happen as they do, and you will have a tranquil flow of life.

Choose the best life, and habit by and by will make you like it the best.

If you wish for anything which belongs to another, that which is your own is lost.

The wise man may be struck, but when he is struck he must love those who struck him as if he were the father of all and the brother of all.

What a privilege it must have been to have had the heart and soul to think those thoughts. What a joy there must have been in life, merely to have had the experience which would develop those opinions. And yet they came from a houseless, homeless, friendless cripple, belonging to the undermost stratum of human society.

The other great teacher of the Stoic philosophy whom I wish to speak about, came from a different class. He gives us many of the same ideas. There is no wide difference between his thoughts and those of the slave Epictetus. And yet he was the millionaire, the man of enormous wealth, the companion of princes and the instructor and guide of an emperor. Surely, we might say, that would be the last kind of a person to give us true ideas about Stoicism!

Did he not have all those goods which give satisfaction to life, without being a Stoic? Does not a man usually cultivate such philosophy rather as a substitute for all those extrinsic goods? Have not men said from the beginning of time, that the goods of the world were the things of the world? Here was a man who possessed them all; he had the ear of the throne of the civilized world; he had palaces without number; slaves by the thousand at his command,—and yet he ranked as one of the three great teachers of Stoicism. He stands also as the living example that the joys of life is not necessarily given by what is on the outside. He had the means at his command. But unlike Epictetus he was an unhappy man; alas! at times an unworthy man.

The extraordinary feature of his teaching is that he agrees with the philosophy of the slave. He had had the opportunity of making the test of trying by his own experience whether there was satisfaction in the life of the world and the in goods of the world. Seneca spoke from the heart when he owned that they gave no supreme satisfaction. He would perhaps have been a nobleman himself if he had lived in the same class with Epictetus. There is nothing inspiring about his life; no grandeur in his career; although there was a sublimity in his death. In his case the very fact that he did not live up to his own utterances, only gives more proof of the worth of his teachings. He was telling us what he *wanted to be*; he was showing us at least wherein he himself was making the failure. It is significant that some of the

most valuable utterances in all literature come from the very men who did not act up to them themselves. But that does not take away from the worth of the thought; if anything, perhaps it strengthens the worth,—inasmuch as we have the acknowledgment by those men of their own shame at what they are, when they tell us by these ideas of what they would really like to be.

And so I want also to make a chaplet of pearls from this companion of princes, this instructor and guide of one emperor. Here, too, we will single out twelve pearls:

How long I shall live depends upon an accident; but it depends upon myself, how well I live.

Strive after this, that even as it is with precious things, so our life should not appear much in size, but great in value. Let us measure it by deed, not by time.

So live with thine inferiors, as thou wouldst thy superior should live with thee.

Love reason, for it will be unto thee as an arm against all the greatest misfortunes that may come.

To give and to lose is nothing; but to lose and to give still, is the part of a great mind.

The wise man does nothing unwillingly; for whatever he finds necessary, he makes that his choice.

There is no condition of life that excludes a wise man from discharging his duty.

There must be a sound mind to make a happy man; there must be a constancy in all conditions; he that fears, serves.

The greatest blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we stumble against the very thing we search for and yet do not find it.

No man shall ever be poor that goes to himself for what he wants; and that is the readiest way to all riches.

There is nothing in the world perhaps, that is talked more of or less understood, than the business of a happy life.

It is something wonderful that the two extremes of society should meet in this way and be in such accord. These men had no Bible. They possessed no other authority than their own personal experience. What they themselves went through and saw, endured and suffered, was what led them to these conclusions.

Seneca, with power, wealth, affluence, luxury, the best of society at his command, saw the mistake of his life, realized the failure, and in that very collapse he suggested to us what *might have been*. Epictetus, without those goods or luxury or companionship, proved that the man in his own life could act up to those teachings. He did give an example of the Stoic philosophy.

Sunshine.

The baby sat where the sunshine
Crept golden over the floor,
And the wondrous rays came smiling,
Smiling through the open door.

The mother, sad, disheartened,
Saw no sunshine anywhere,
And life seemed darkest midnight,
Her pathway all despair.

How baby laughed in the sunlight,
And suddenly leaning low
She made a cup of her fingers
And plunged it into the glow.

Then with her little hands outstretched
She ran to her mamma's side,
"I bring 'oo some sunshine, mamma,"
The darling softly cried.

O those blessed baby fingers,
O blessed, childish love;
Do you wonder that the broken heart
Looked up to God above,

Praying, "Forgive me, Father,
For all my selfish sighs,
And lead me out of the darkness
Where the eternal sunshine lies."

—Sara Keables Hunt, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

UNITY

A Journal of Religion.

Non-Sectarian Liberal Constructive

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Published Weekly, \$1.00 per Year, 5 cents per copy.

PUBLISHED FOR
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
BY

BLOCH & NEWMAN.
Office, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Remittances should be made payable to Bloch & Newman, and should be by express money order, post-office money order, draft check on Chicago bank or registered letter.

Discontinuances. — Subscribers wishing UNITY stopped at the expiration of their subscriptions should notify us to that effect; otherwise we shall consider it their wish to have it continued.

Changes of Address. — When a change of address is desired, both the new and the old address must be given and notice sent one week before the change is desired.

Business Letters should be addressed to UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post-office.

Notes from the Field

The Chicago Branch of the Woman's Western Unitarian Conference held its bimonthly session on Feb. 7, at All Souls Church.

The unusual severity of the weather prevented a large attendance; but if enthusiasm be a measure of success then it was a success; and the warmth of the hospitality extended to those present more than counterbalanced the cold without, Mrs. Jones having opened her house to us.

The paper read by Mrs. Clark was an excellent one, and could only have been written by a woman who had both the moral and physical courage to have braved four hours of snow blockade and such cold to perform a duty.

Frances Beckwith.
Sec. protem.

Freeport, Ill.

Our last Sunday evening's service here was most gratifying. By actual count 250 people were present. They were among the most intelligent and cultured people of Freeport,—teachers, editors, doctors, lawyers, business men, etc. The subject of discourse was "Oliver Wendell Holmes, or the Right Spirit in the Life." The object of the theme was to show how modern knowledge of the universe and of man could lay, in one of the keenest, and brightest of men, the foundations of the most comforting religious faith, and fill life with perennial confidence, strength and cheer. Holmes brought his religion boldly up to date and discarded the old theologies.

At the close of the services an unusually large collection was taken, and sufficient subscriptions were given to go on with regular services up to July 1st. The enthusiasm with which this was done is the best commentary on the way in which the people of Freeport are prepared to receive the message of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

I feel that we have more reason than ever to believe that Freeport is but typical of the general frame of the liberal public everywhere. Liberal people are tired of divisions and want to unite. It does them good, heart and soul, to come together on the ground of our common humanity. The hearty expressions to this effect which I hear every day from Unitarians, Universalists, Reformed Jews, and Independents, and Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian Come-outers as well as others, amply confirm this. Unless present appearances are altogether deceptive, the future has in store for Freeport a vigorous, self-sustaining liberal religious society that will be a blessing to its community.

A. N. ALCOTT.

Menomonee, Wis.

This admirably equipped church is doing a fine work, especially among the young. There are two social clubs availing themselves of the rooms and fittings of the Taintor Memoria. The Ladies' Club takes in those from sixteen upwards, and numbers over forty, while the Men's Club has over eighty members. The minister, Rev. C. F. Niles, has also a Boy's Club for those too young to enter the men's organization, and he has been reading with them "Jenny Wren's Boarding House," and is now going to take up "Tom Brown at Rugby." The Unity Club is working in two sections, the social section and the study section; the latter section has been going through "Ships that Pass in the Night" and is busying itself now with "On the Heights."

G.
Peoria, Ill.

The People's Church of this city is helping its work along by publishing a little four page monthly called "The Unsectarian." It has some fine short articles on Creeds, Prayer, Good and Evil, The Bible, Evolution, The Jesus of Liberal Religion, Equality of Rights and Duties and The People's Church. It is edited by the minister of the church, Rev. R. B. Marsh, and is well worth reading.

San Francisco, Cal.

SECOND UNITARIAN CHURCH.—The annual meeting of this society was held Jan. 8, and a most prosperous condition was shown by all reports; \$500 have been paid on the church debt, reducing it to \$4,500. All floating bills have been paid, and a balance left in the treasury. Mr. Sprague reported sixty-five sermons in the church, which with other preaching made him a year's work of seventy-eight pulpit services. He had made two hundred and seven calls, superintended the Sunday school, organized the Young People's Sunday night meeting, with Mrs. Sprague's assistance, and carried through a successful Bryant class, besides the other duties of a minister. Mrs. Sprague reported a year of sickness and family care with such services as she had rendered in the pastoral work. A resolution was unanimously adopted expressing gratitude for the services of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague under whose care the church had so well prospered.

At the first meeting of the trustees Mrs. Sprague was chosen as Sunday-school Superintendent, and the Young People have requested her to conduct the Sunday night meeting regularly. At the February meeting of the trustees resolutions were adopted to officially authorize Mrs. Sprague to co operate with Mr. Sprague in the work of the pastorate.

Everybody in the Second church is busy arranging for the coming of Jenkin Lloyd Jones in March. Mr. Jones will give his course of lectures on "The Prophets of Modern Literature" at the Second Church, and a course of three others in a large hall down town, under the management of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Second Church.

The Sunday school has recently been entertained by a stereopticon lecture given by Mr. Sprague, in place of the regular quarterly sociable tendered the school. The Unity Club is finding the study of Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" most profitable. Valuable discussions are drawn from the religious questions involved.

Mr. Alcott's Suspension.

MR. ALCOTT'S LETTER TO THE COMMITTEE.

Mr. Alcott sent this letter to the committee, December 17, 1894, before the decision was made:

"To the Fellowship Committee of the Universalist Convention. B. F. Monroe, chairman; A. A. Thayer, La Grange; Dr. Straub, Dauphin Park; Professor John Grubb, Galesburg, Ill.; L. J. Dinsmore. Dear Friends: I expect to be engaged for one year from Jan. 1, 1895, as secretary and missionary of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies in the state. My church has given me a leave of absence for one year by a vote of 116 to 3. The object of the work is to see what can be done, if anything, toward organizing in one church the liberals of all kinds in a community where there are not enough of any one kind to form their own sort of a church, to get men to drop their differences far enough to work together along lines in religion in which they substantially agree. The work will emphasize agreements among liberals rather than differences. It will do this for the sake of purity, humanity and the consolidation of liberal influence in order to promote intelligence in religion, do good and help the moral, spiritual and religious life of many whose lives under the present conditions are in these respects almost totally neglected.

"It is not a principle of the congress to disturb any organized and working liberal church of any kind whatsoever, nor has any such church so far been disturbed. The charge that has been made that in one instance this has been done is utterly false, and the accompanying assault on motives is as unjust and cruel as it is unfriendly. No effort was made to hear one of the sides in this case at all. It is not yet heard. In my judgment this work will but realize in a practical way the actual logical birth principles and birth spirit of our own denomination and, indeed, of all other liberal bodies. Moreover, the doctrines I shall teach are what I understand to be Universalist doctrines and which I preach in my own pulpit at home; but should organizations be formed they will be considered at liberty to take any name they choose, not necessarily ours. The congress leaves them free in this respect, satisfied with the common substance and spirit of liberal religion under any name. It is not the object to found a new sect or denomination, but to supplement the work of the old liberal bodies.

"While in my own opinion a Universalist minister is perfectly free within the broad scope of Universalist principles to engage in this work without conflict with the constitution, laws or spirit of our denomination, I am aware that there are some, apparently, who do not agree with me. I am also equally

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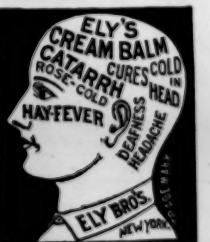
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aware that I am not the final judge in this matter, but that final judgment must rest with those officers of the church whose province it is to determine and who constitute our fellowship committee in this state. Therefore, I deem it but proper respect for our constituted authorities, the fellowship committee, to refer this matter to them for decision. The responsibility of action or non-action must be theirs. I shall not ask to have my name dropped from the roll of the Universalist ministry on account of this work. Should the committee desire a conference with me I will endeavor to place myself at its service as soon as the decision of the committee is reached. I will thank you to communicate the same to me. Respectfully and fraternally yours,
A. N. ALCOTT."

The state committee on fellowship met Feb. 5th, 1895, and passed the following resolutions:

"Whereas, The Rev. A. N. Alcott has engaged in professional services to a religious organization not in fellowship with the Universalist denomination, and

"Whereas, Such alienated services by Mr. Alcott are in direct violation of the vows of ordination, and such policy if generally pursued would result in the total disintegration of the Universalist denomination, therefore

"Resolved, That we suspend the aforesaid Rev. A. N. Alcott from the fellowship of the Universalist denomination until Jan. 1, 1896.

"Resolved further, That in this action we design no reflection upon the unchallenged reputation of Brother Alcott, as a man and a citizen, but we believe that self-respect and a just interpretation of our ecclesiastical laws require the step we have taken, and in taking it we have regard for the personal welfare of our brother for whom we will not cease to pray.

"B. F. MONROE,

"ALLEN A. THAYER,

"JOHN W. GRUBB,

"JACOB STRAND,

"L. J. DINSMORE,

"Committee on fellowship of the Illinois state convention of Universalists."

A word or two as to this suspension from fellowship which I consider as unconstitutional, and unjust. The Fellowship committee had to assume that the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies was a new, or "another denomination" in order to bring me within the scope of the rule which they applied to my case. The rule is,

"Fellowship shall be withdrawn or suspended from a clergyman for entering upon ministerial labor under the auspices of, or in fellowship with, any other denomination."

I emphatically deny that the Liberal Congress is a new, or "another denomination."

1. The Congress in its constitution and aims is essentially analogous to the Y. M. C. A. The Y. M. C. A. is organized out of the members of different orthodox churches on the basis of their common doctrine, and for a specific purpose that we might style supplementary missionary work. When it is incorporated for business purposes it is not thereby created a new sect, or denomination. In like manner when the Liberal Congress, which is composed of liberal people from various liberal denominations, is incorporated for business purposes, such incorporation does not make it a new sect, or denomination. Its basis of doctrine is common to all the liberal bodies. It is likewise organized for a special purpose, viz: to do, as the Y. M. C. A. does, supplementary missionary work, which no one of the existing liberal denominations is able by itself alone to do. Its work is in the interests of all the liberal bodies alike. It is interesting and suggestive to remember that the Y. M. C. A. was at first antagonized by the orthodox churches on grounds similar to those now taken against the Liberal Congress.

2. Again, my own work is essentially analogous to that of an evangelist in the orthodox churches, who unites the activities of a number of them and conducts services on the basis of doctrine common to all. When his converts are made he tells them to take what name they prefer and to affiliate where they

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choose. He does not found a new denomination by such work, and such a charge would be the height of unreason and absurdity. Nor is he disfellowshipped for it by the denomination to which he belongs. My work is exactly similar, only it is among liberal people. It would persuade all kinds of liberals in a given locality, where there are not enough of any one kind to form their own sort of a church, to unite on the basis of their common doctrine, select their own name and affiliate where they like. And to this end it emphasizes the agreements among liberals rather than their differences.

The work is done in a locality where there is no active, working liberal church of any species, and interferes with no established liberal church of any denomination whatsoever. The doctrine taught being that which is common to all the liberal churches or societies, it is, of course, not new doctrine, either in substance or spirit, but old doctrine, and therefore not the material required by a new sect. There is nothing new, special or peculiar about it.

The work is similar in principle and spirit to that which the orthodox churches recommend when they urge several weak churches of different kinds in a locality to unite on the basis of a common doctrine, and form a self-sustaining society. This is not considered by them as the founding of a new sect, nor as unfaithfulness or disloyalty to any existing denomination. It is simply a little additional common sense.

If it was not inconsistent with Dr. Hillis's relations with the Chicago Presbytery to go to a pulpit over which his denomination had no control, it is not inconsistent with my relations to my denomination to work in a field over which Universalists have no control. If the Presbytery allowed him nevertheless to retain his relations with it and sent him away with its blessing, our Fellowship committee which represents a professedly liberal denomination should have been at least as liberal with me.

I shall take an appeal from its decision to the trustees of our General Convention.

The above reasons were urged on the Committee of Fellowship at an extended conference with them as grounds against their action, and in justification of my course. The committee's power to liberally construe the rule, even if it applied, was also urged. I doubt not that the committee was conscientious, and treated me like gentlemen. But they have certainly made a mistake. A. N. ALCOTT.

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Correspondence

The English Church.

EDITOR UNITY:—In the interesting article entitled "The Growth of Christianity" written by Rev. J. H. Crooker and published in the UNITY of Jan. 17th, the writer affirms that about 600 A. D., Augustine was sent from Pope Gregory I. to Britain and made a convert of Ethelbert, the king of Kent, and that there, ere long, English Christianity became an established institution.

In the interest of, or rather in justice to the Anglican Church we cannot allow the statement noticed to pass without correction. If Mr. Crooker will look up Chapin's Primitive Church (page 371), he will read as follows: Augustine was consecrated at Arles, 596 A. D. In 598, he wrote to Gregory, bishop of Rome, for advice touching certain points of inquiry. One of the questions was, in what manner he ought to deal with the bishops of Gaul and Britain; another, what course he ought to pursue in reference to the Gallic liturgy, which, though different from the Romish liturgy, was in use in the British and Gallic churches. In response Gregory tells him he has nothing to do with the bishops of Gaul, who were subject to the bishop of Arles as their metropolitan, and that, in reference to the liturgy, he ought to adopt that which would be most acceptable to the Saxon Church. Here, says Chapin, are three facts conclusively established: (1) That there were canonical and lawful bishops in Britain before Augustine went there. (2) That the liturgy used in Gaul, was not the same as the Roman liturgy. (3) That this liturgy was used in Britain.

Again, that these bishops owed no subjection to the bishop of Rome is clear from the history of those times. Thus, in the year 603, Augustine held a conference with the British clergy. At this conference, Bode informs us, there were seven British bishops and many learned men.

In order to induce them to acknowledge his authority, Augustine promised them, that if they would keep Easter on the same day as the Romish Church, and would baptize according to the rites and ceremonies of that church, and would preach the gospel to the Saxons, they should be allowed to enjoy all their customs, to which the British bishop replied, "We will neither do these things, nor submit to you as archbishop over us."

Mr. Chapin goes back to the history of the British church and into the time of Augustine, and shows from Moorish historians, and also from Nicephors, a Greek historian and another Greek author, that the Triads introduced Christianity into Britain, which was about the time of the revolt and overthrow of Boadice, A. D. 60-61. Tertullian (A. D. 190), says, "There are places in Britain inaccessible to the Roman arms which were subdued to Christ," and Origen (A. D. 230), says, "The power of God our Saviour is even with them in Britain." The facts of history make it very evident that St. Paul preached the gospel in Britain, Clement of Rome says that St. Paul, in preaching, went to the utmost bounds of the west, which not only includes the island of Britain but is the epithet by which that island was then known. Eusebius (A. D. 325) says that one of the Apostles visited the British Isles, and Theodoret, about a century later, (A. D. 415) mentioned Britain as one place where St. Paul visited.

Mr. Crooker alludes to the strength and weakness of the Anglican church, and says as follows: "The dominant spirit of compromise, with the indefiniteness of its dogmatic formulas, has kept a great variety of parties within its fold."

There is one foundation among others that the church makes no compromise with, and it is the blessed doctrine of the Incarnation as is potently shown in the letter of the bishops published in *The Churchman* for January 20th. All the most celebrated Anglican divines both at home and abroad in their published works show that mankind could only have understood the true meaning of sacrifice in all the plenitude of its intensity, in the manifestation of the Word which was from the beginning; and was God.

In these times, when that church which rests on the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief cornerstone, is assailed on every hand by wicked men, let us indeed have the correct facts of history regarding her.

JAMES CLARK BURNHAM.

Portland, Me.

EDITOR UNITY:—The above communication illustrates the fact that it is difficult to write about the English church without arousing the ire of the extreme Anglican. The sticklers for things "Apostolic" insist that the pedigree of the English church be traced back to the Apostles, independent of Augustine and papal Rome. But the two facts absolutely clear and certain (as briefly stated or implied in the *Lesson*) are these: (1) For nearly two centuries, 400-600, the original Christianity of Britain existed only in small broken fragments (truer perhaps to say that it had practically become extinct); (2) The church of the Middle Ages (with which afterwards Wiclif, Henry VIII and the Reformers dealt) was substantially the product of the work of Augustine,—due to Roman influences and under papal direction. This is what all scholars (with the exception of a few extreme Anglicans) admit and this is just what the *Lesson* affirms.

All this anxiety to be "Apostolic" seems to me to be extreme ecclesiastical nonsense. As a matter of fact there is no "Apostolic" church in existence, and there is no special need for such! Those ancient men made themselves "Apostles" by doing well the things which needed to be done in their day. We can become "Apostolic" only so far as we, resorting to the primary sources of inspiration open to us as to them, do as well the things that need doing today!

Helena, Mont.

J. H. CROOKER.

Thanks for sending the enclosed but I see no necessity for printing it; there is surely nothing to answer.

Parish Papers Take Notice.

EDITOR UNITY:—Having promised to speak at the Conference of Guilds, etc., on the subject of Parish Papers, I should be obliged to any of our ministers who would send me copies of the papers published in their parishes.

WILLIAM H. LYON.

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